Stand Clear

M.o.p.

HAHAHAHAHAHAH!

[Verse One: Lil' Fame]
Yo - feel the First Family energy (alright!) Remember me?
Lil' Fame raps niggas to tunes of Kenny G
I compose the rugged, I woulda written yo' shit too
But you ain't got enough money in your budget, dude fuck it!
Step up and get your whole band slaughtered
You ain't got the raw plus you twenty gram shorter
M.O.P. ban orders, I show you niggas "Faces of Death"
Manslaughter, live on a camcorder
My solution is pollute innards, quick to shoot a bitch
I'm bugged like the Y2K computer glitch
I bring the hardcore for soldiers that got war
And the thugs in the crowd screaming ("Yeah we like it raw!")
On wax they get the best of it (right) give 'em the rest of it
Saluting on tour, autographin bitches' breasteses
It's the legendary M.O.P
We put it down everywhere we go - but you don't hear me though

[Hook - repeat 2X]
Stand clear!
Notice ain't nuttin but soldiers up in here - ride for the cause!
Heavy metal shit, quick, grip settle it
BITCH! Die for the drawers

[Verse Two: Billy Danze]
It's elementary, for a quarter of a century
In and outta penitentiaries
I survive - I am a survivor G
Got more slick shit with me than McGyver see
I'm your rivalry, cousin ride with me
I'm the international cat that you tryna be
I am (WILLIAM) William (WILLIAM) William (WILLIAM) yes ma'am
When I'm in a G-man stand it's impossible to touch Danze
I got a deranged temper, with a short fuse
I don't know what you thought but you gon' lose
I'm bad news; Satan turned me loose
Since 2Pac got popped, who the fuck you think got the +Juice+?

Bill Danze (do it for your people!)
I got automatics {*CRACK*} that will fuck up your ego
In fact - claim turf, whenever the llama spark
We hold down Brownsville like the motherfuckin Tomahawks

[Hook]

[Verse Three: Lil' Fame]
I smack a "Oops Upside Ya Head"
Like Goldy when he mackin his broads (it's) your maveranage
Watch who you approach nigga, 'fore you get smoked nigga
I'm O.G. in this game, coach nigga!
Straight loc' nigga, what the fuck you thought?
You get caught in the middle, try to dribble on my court
When niggas (act sweet) this nigga (clap heat)
Jack you when you wouldn't put your brains in the backseat

[Verse Four: Billy Danze]
I'mma give you twenty-two seconds to explain to me
Why the fuck you playin games with me?
Make a nigga dust off his automatic, and bang witchu young kids
(Is it really Billy Danze?) Who the fuck you think it is?
By the law of the street, the best way to track his ass
Is to catch his ass (wet his ass) and to jack his ass
You ain't untouchable nigga for what it's worth
I'm the gritties grimiest slimiest nigga on earth

[Hook]

{*laughter and ad libs to fade*}

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